GOLD KEY

TWILIGHT ZONE

12c

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JULY

ROD SERLING

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Destruction follows an astronaut
back to earth with the moon's first secret!

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

THE PROPHECY OF DOOM

In 1898, a British writer published a book about a luxury cruise on an ocean liner with the cream of society aboard.

The ship in the story was 800 feet long, weighed 66,000 tons and could speed through the ocean at 25 knots per hour.

The storybook ship, named the *Titan,* struck an iceberg during an April voyage and sank with great loss of life.

12 years later, also in April, the *Titanic,* almost a twin of the imaginary Titan, was sunk by an iceberg too.

Was this prediction blind chance, or was fate trying to warn the world of the shocking tragedy to come?

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

NIGHTMARE FOR AN ASTRONAUT

THE MAKE-BELIEVE CARNIVAL SPACE CAPSULES HAD GONE HAYWIRE--THEY WERE WHIRLING AT FIVE TIMES THEIR REGULATED SPEED! AND ONLY ASTRONAUT CHRIS LAKEWORTH KNEW WHAT WAS *REALLY* WRONG--THAT ALL THOSE ABOARD HAD BEEN WHIRLED INTO...THE *TWILIGHT ZONE!*

SCREEEEEEEEEEEECH

TH-THE MACHINE'S GONE BERSERK! I-I CAN'T STOP IT!

I-IT'S HAPPENING *AGAIN!* S-SOMEHOW MY BODY HAS DRIVEN THE MACHINE *OUT OF CONTROL!*

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

IT BEGAN 1,000 MILES ABOVE THE MOON... AS CHRIS LAKEWORTH ORBITED FOR A NEW SPACE FEAT...

PICK-UP CAPSULE LAUNCHED... WILL SCOOP UP SAMPLES ON NEXT ORBIT AROUND MOON...

THE MOON MACHINE HOVERS OVER THE EARTH'S SATELLITE... ITS JAWS OPEN TO SNATCH A SAMPLE OF THE MOON'S CRUST...

IT SEEMS TO BE DRAWN TO A CERTAIN AREA OF THE PLANET'S TERRAIN... AND THE METALLIC JAWS CLAMP SHUT...

AND SOON AFTER...

SAMPLE SECURED... AM ROCKETING CAPSULE BACK FOR SCOOP PICK-UP! OVER...

A SCOOP IN THE SPACECRAFT OPENS... FRAGMENTS OF MOON ORE ARE DUMPED OUT... BUT, SUDDENLY, ONE *MOVES.*

OPERATION COMPLETE... SAMPLE TAKEN A-OKAY!...

IT SLITHERS LIKE A LIVING THING TOWARD ASTRONAUT LAKEWORTH...

MOON 1 TO CONTROL... AM TRIGGERING RETURN ROCKET POWER... AM COMING HOME WITH SOME PIECES OF *MOON CHEESE!* HA,HA!

SUDDENLY...

YAAAAA!

INSTANTLY, PANIC ENSUES AT EARTH CONTROL HQ...

HE DEADENED OUT! WE'VE LOST HIM!

AND THAT *YELL!* DID YOU HEAR HIM *SCREAM* BEFORE HE WENT OFF THE SCREEN? WH-WHAT COULD HAVE *HAPPENED?*

FOR THIRTY LONG SECONDS, CHRIS LAKEWORTH'S RADIO IS DEAD...THEN...

I-I'M OKAY, MEN... IT WAS JUST A FLUKE... I WAS STARTLED...

(WHEW-W!) THANK GOSH! WHAT HAPPENED, CHRIS?

NOTHING! A PIECE OF THE ORE MUST HAVE GOTTEN TOSSED AROUND... IT LANDED ON MY ARM... GAVE ME A JUMP! *BRING ME IN! OVER!*

HOURS AFTERWARD, WHEN ASTRONAUT LAKEWORTH HAS HAD HIS "BACK FROM SPACE" CHECK...

FIT AS A FIDDLE, THE DOC SAYS, COL. LAKEWORTH! DON'T GIVE US ANY MORE STARTS LIKE THAT, HUH?

DON'T WORRY, I HAVEN'T BEGUN TO *CRACK!* AS I SAID, IT WAS JUST A FLUKE THING...THAT ORE HITTING ME!

LEAVING FOR HOME, HE PASSES THROUGH THE COMPUTER ROOM AND...

WH-WHAT IN HANNAH! I-I'M SHAKY... VIBRATING!

THE COMPUTERS! TH-THEY'RE STARTING TO *SPIN*... BUT THEY SHOULDN'T BE *ON* NOW!

A-A LIGHT FILM... LIKE A BLUE HAZE AROUND ME! A-AND THOSE BLASTED COMPUTERS! *GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, LAKEWORTH! DON'T LET YOUR NERVES DO NIP-UPS!*

HIR-R-R-R-R

HE RACES TO HIS CAR... AND SUDDENLY THE SHAKING STOPS...HIS HEAD CLEARS...

I'M..OKAY NOW... (WHEW-W-W!) IF THE SPACE MEDS KNEW THIS, I'D BE JUNKED OUT OF ORBIT ACTION FOR KEEPS!

AT A SLOW SPEED, CHRIS LAKEWORTH HEADS FOR HOME... FIVE...TEN...FIFTEEN MINUTES PASS... *THEN...*

WHA..?

I CAN'T STOP... MY FOOT ISN'T ON THE ACCELERATOR, BUT I'M GOING AT TOP SPEED!

ZOOOOOOOOM!

50 MILE SPEED LIMIT

LAKEWORTH'S VEHICLE STRAINS WITH POWER... THE ENGINE THUNDERS AND SMOKES AS IT STRAINS FOR EVEN *MORE*...

GREAT SUFFERING CAESAR! THAT CRACKPOT'S DOING OVER A *HUNDRED!* HE MUST HAVE A *RACING ENGINE* IN THAT TUB!

SLOW CURVE

FINALLY, THE BELABORED MOTOR CAN TAKE NOMORE...

TH-THE ENGINE *BURNED OUT*... THANK GOSH! I-I'M ALMOST HOME... I'LL JUST LEAVE THE THING HERE!

AND SHORTLY...

CHRIS... YOU LOOK ALL WORN OUT! AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN TELEPHONE ME WHEN YOU LANDED!

S-SORRY, HONEY... I THOUGHT I'D SURPRISE YOU! CAR JUST BROKE DOWN... HAD TO HIKE HOME! I'M OKAY!

I'LL FIX YOU SOME COFFEE! AND *TOMORROW* WE'LL BRING YOUR INSIGNIA RING DOWN AND HAVE YOUR *LATEST* ORBIT FLIGHT ENGRAVED ON IT! NOW, GET SOME REST, DEAR!

BUT THAT NIGHT CHRIS LAKEWORTH CANNOT REST WELL...

PERHAPS IT'S ALL JUST MY *IMAGINATION*... MAYBE I *DID* HAVE MY FOOT ON THE GAS PEDAL...: AND THOSE COMPUTERS... PERHAPS THEY JUST *HAPPENED* TO BE TURNED ON AT THAT MOMENT! YES... I'LL JUST RELAX... GET A GRIP ON MYSELF!

NEXT MORNING, THE SUN CHEERS THE ASTRONAUT'S SPIRITS...

C'MON, JUNE... LET'S HAVE BREAKFAST AND DO SOMETHING! I'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD! I NEED SOME RELAXATION!

WONDERFUL! LET'S RENT A CAR AND TAKE IN THE AMUSEMENT FAIR-- IT JUST OPENED YESTERDAY!

SO IT IS THAT DESTINY DIRECTS THAT CHRIS LAKEWORTH SHALL GO TO THE FAIR... AND THE *SPACE CAPSULE MACHINE*...

GOLLY! THERE'S COL. *CHRIS LAKEWORTH*... HE'S A *REAL* ASTRONAUT!

YOU'RE FAMOUS, DEAR! WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF THIS *TOY* CAPSULE MADE YOU *SICK*! HA, HA!

SPACE CAPSULE RIDE

JUNE CANNOT REALIZE THAT IN THE NEXT SIXTY SECONDS EVERYONE WILL BE QUITE SICK INDEED...

HEY... SOMETHING'S *WRONG* WITH THE ENGINE... IT'S TURNING OVER TOO *FAST*!

ABRUPTLY, THE SPACE AMUSEMENT GOES WILD... IT BECOMES A BERSERK, MECHANICAL MONSTER...

IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN! I'M DRIVING THE MACHINE TO ITS OWN DESTRUCTION! WHY? WHY?

IN A NIGHTMARE OF MOVEMENT, THE CAPSULES PLUMMET THROUGH THE AIR...THE STRAINING ENGINE UNLEASHES MORE AND MORE POWER...

H-HANG ON, JUNE... DON'T LET GO! IT CAN'T LAST... I-IT WILL HAVE TO BREAK... LIKE THE CAR DID!

WEEEEEEEEEEE

14

THEN, LIKE A BURNED-OUT ROCKET, THE ENGINE FLARES OUT...

G-CRAZY... I-IT BURNED ITSELF OUT!

POW

KA-FOOT

AND AFTERWARD, CHRIS LAKEWORTH KNOWS WHAT HE MUST DO...

HOW HORRIBLE! THOSE POOR PEOPLE! WE WERE LUCKY!

JUNE, I MUST REPORT TO THE SPACE MEDICS RIGHT AWAY AND HAVE THIS HEAD INJURY EXAMINED! YOU CAN MAKE IT HOME ALONE!

I CAN'T TELL HER WHERE I'M *REALLY* GOING!

BUT SHORTLY, CHRIS IS AT THE NEARBY MILITARY AIRPORT WHERE...

GLAD TO HAVE YOU ABOARD, COL. LAKEWORTH! RIDE UP FRONT WITH ME, IF YOU LIKE!

US AIR FORCE

THANKS, MAJOR!

AND AS THE MILITARY CRAFT TAKES OFF, LAKEWORTH'S MIND ANALYZES HIS PROBLEM COLDLY...

IT'S THE ***ONLY*** THING TO DO... I'LL SEE A ***BRAIN SPECIALIST*** IN WASHINGTON... IF ***HE*** THINKS I'M CRAZY THEN I'LL ***TELL*** THE SPACE BOYS! THEY'D JUST SEND ME TO AN EXPERT ANYWAY!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AS THE TRANSPORT APPROACHES WASHINGTON..

WHAT IN THUNDER ARE YOU DOING, MAJOR?

N-NOTHING! WE MUST HAVE HIT A SUPER UPDRAFT... OR SOMETHING!

ZOOOOOOM!

AT FULL THROTTLE, THE PLANE STREAKS SKYWARD... IT BEGINS TO SPIN..

WATCH IT, MAJOR... WE'VE LOST FLYING SPEED... WE'RE GOING INTO A SPIN!

I-I CAN'T CONTROL HER, COLONEL! SHE'S RUNNING WILD!

AND AS THE CRAFT CATAPULTS OVER INTO A SPIN...

HE'S KNOCKED OUT... GOT TO TAKE THE CONTROLS! GREAT GRIEF! - ANOTHER MACHINE ... GOING WILD WHEN I'M IN IT!.. M-MY BODY'S VIBRATING AGAIN... AND THERE'S THE BLUE HAZE!..

DOWN... DOWN... THE TRANSPORT PLUMMETS... THE DRIVING POWER OF ALL ENGINES ON FULL...

..S-SHE'S RIPPING APART... DISINTEGRATING!

BUT AT THE LAST MOMENT... SOME UNSEEN FORCE PULLS THE SHIP UP...

I-I DIDN'T TOUCH THE CONTROLS... SHE PULLED UP HERSELF!

VOOOOOOOSH

AND AS A CRASH CREW RUSHES INTO ACTION AT THE WASHINGTON AIRPORT...

I'M BEHIND THESE FREAK MACHINE ACTIONS ...I KNOW I AM... GOT TO GET TO THAT BRAIN MAN... NO TIME TO FIGHT MILITARY QUESTIONS!

BUT THE BRAIN SPECIALIST SOON HAS OTHER IDEAS...

BUT DOCTOR, I TELL YOU THINGS ARE HAPPENING BECAUSE OF *ME!* ARE YOU POSITIVE MY BRAIN IS *NORMAL?* THAT I COULDN'T HAVE CAUSED THESE THINGS?

NORMAL! CERTAINLY *NOT,* YOU ARE UNDER SEVERE STRESS! A SERIES OF STRANGE OCCURRENCES HAS MERELY MADE YOU *BELIEVE* YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR ACCIDENTS!

NOW, I'LL GIVE YOU A PRESCRIPTION FOR YOUR NERVES AND YOU CAN SEE THE SPACE FORCE DOCTOR LATER!

SKIP IT! IF *YOU* WON'T BELIEVE ME, WHO *WILL?*

A QUICK FLIGHT RETURNS COL. CHRIS LAKEWORTH TO HIS HOME...

THAT TOOK A LOT LONGER THAN I EXPECTED! THE INJURY...IT ISN'T...

NOTHING SERIOUS! I SHOULD HAVE PHONED! I'M SORRY!

BEFORE I FORGET, LET ME TAKE YOUR RING! I'LL GO GET IT ENGRAVED WITH YOUR LAST FLIGHT DATE WHILE YOU RELAX!

BUT CHRIS CAN'T RELAX. HE'S FIGHTING FOR HIS SANITY...

AM I ACTUALLY *SABOTAGING* THESE MACHINES WITHOUT KNOWING IT? *WHY? HOW?*...THE PHONE!

BRII...G!

AND AS LAKEWORTH PICKS UP THE PHONE, A TERRIFIED VOICE COMES TO HIM...

CHRIS! SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS HAPPENING DOWNTOWN... A WHOLE BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION IS... IS TWISTING... SHAKING! I-I WAS JUST BRINGING YOUR RING TO THE JEWELER'S AND AS I PASSED IT...

YOU WHAT? JUNE! DO YOU SEE A BLUE HAZE? ARE YOU...VIBRATING?

RUMBLE!

CONSTR

RUMMMMMMBLE

YES...YES, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT'S HAPPENING! WHAT DOES IT MEAN, CHRIS?

MEET ME AT THE MAIN STREET PIER! BRING THE RING WITH YOU! HAVE THEM READY A MOTOR CRUISER FOR US! HURRY!

SCANT MINUTES LATER...

B-BUT, CHRIS...

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! INTO THE BOAT ...FAST!

THEN...

HEY! YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A CAPTAIN! YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT OUT ALONE!

YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO GO ON THIS TRIP, BUSTER!

SUDDENLY, THE SHIP'S ENGINE BEGINS TO SPEED UP...

OF COURSE...THE THING'S NEVER TRIED ITS ACCURSED POWER ON A SHIP! THE ENGINE'S BEGINNING TO GO CRAZY! HOLD THE WHEEL, JUNE!

ZOOOOOM!

IT WAS THE RING, JUNE... WHEN THAT THING WENT OVER MY HAND IN SPACE IT DID SOMETHING TO MY RING! THAT'S WHY WE VIBRATED... IT GAVE OFF SOME TERRIBLE POWER!

T-THE ENGINE'S STOPPED... IT WORKED! THE RING HAS NO STRENGTH UNLESS IT'S CLOSE TO THE OBJECT IT CONTROLS!

BUT... WHAT CAUSED IT, CHRIS? WHAT WAS THE POWER IN THE RING? HOW?

I...I DON'T KNOW, HONEY! THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS WE DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT SPACE YET! MAYBE THAT ORE WAS FILLED WITH SOME UNKNOWN TYPE OF COSMIC FORCE... WHO CAN SAY?

BUT FAR OUT IN SPACE, THERE IS ONE GROUP OF BEINGS THAT CAN SAY...

THE SIGNALS ARE DYING OUT...THEY NO LONGER HAVE POWER!

IT DOES NOT MATTER! WE HAVE TESTED EARTH'S MACHINES QUITE WELL! THEY ARE WEAK GADGETS, FAR TOO LACKING IN POWER TO DO US HARM...

BUT WE SHALL KEEP A CLOSE EYE UPON THEM! AND, PERHAPS, WHEN THEIR ATOMIC POWER IS DEVELOPED ENOUGH... WE SHALL PLACE MORE OF OUR SPECIAL METAL ORE ON THE MOON AND MAKE ANOTHER SIGNAL RING FOR EARTH!

MANY THOUGHTS MUST GO THROUGH A FIGHTER PILOT'S MIND, AS HE FLIES OVER, THE JUNGLES OF VIET NAM FOR A STRIKE AT THE VIET CONG! BUT TO ENSIGN GARRY CHASE, THERE IS ONLY ONE THOUGHT!

The GHOST GUNNER

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FOR IT WAS HERE DURING WORLD WAR II THAT THE B-29 ON WHICH HIS FATHER WAS A TAIL GUNNER WAS SHOT DOWN BY THE JAPS.

THE PLANE WAS NEVER FOUND AND GARRY GREW UP NEVER KNOWING HIS FATHER!

GARRY'S THOUGHTS ARE BROKEN BY A SUDDEN BURST OF FIRE FROM THE VIET CONG DOWN BELOW IN THE JUNGLE!

OH, OH! BETTER GET MY MIND BACK ON MY WORK! LOOKS LIKE WE RAN INTO SOME ENEMY GROUND FIRE!

GARRY'S PLANE TAKES A DIRECT HIT! HE EJECTS JUST BEFORE THE DOOMED PLANE PLUNGES TO EARTH ...

ON THE GROUND, HE IS AWARE THAT THE ENEMY IS EVERYWHERE...SEARCHING FOR HIM...

NOW, IF I CAN GET INTO THAT JUNGLE AND HIDE OUT FROM THE VIET CONG UNTIL AIR RESCUE ARRIVES...

HOLD IT, AMERICAN PIG! YOU COME WITH US!

GUESS YOU GOT THE DROP ON ME, BOYS!

YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME, ANYWAY, SO I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A FEW OF YOU WITH ME!

MUST BE AN ARMY OF THEM AROUND! MIGHT AS WELL MAKE MY STAND HERE!

SURROUNDED, GARRY IS RESIGNED TO HIS BITTER FATE! HE WILL BE KILLED BEFORE ANY RESCUERS COULD POSSIBLY ARRIVE...

HOPE I CAN MAKE EVERY BULLET COUNT! THOSE RATS WILL BE RUSHING ME ANY SECOND NOW! I JUST HOPE THEY GET IT OVER WITH FAST!

A SUDDEN BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE COMES THROUGH THE JUNGLE AND AT THE VIET CONG! IT DROPS THEM LIKE FLIES!

THANK HEAVEN! SOME OF OUR BOYS MUST HAVE BEEN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

GUESS YOU BOYS CAN'T FIGHT VERY WELL WHEN THE SIDES ARE EVEN UP!

NOW, TO THANK THOSE BOYS AT THAT MACHINE GUN!

HEY! WHERE *ARE* YOU GUYS?

GARRY FINDS NO ONE! AS HE WALKS THROUGH THE THICK JUNGLE, HE COMES UPON AN OLD B-29 WITH YEARS OF JUNGLE GROWTH COVERING IT!

GADS! WHAT'S *THIS*?

ANYONE IN THERE?

THIS GUN LOOKS LIKE IT WAS JUST USED, BUT THAT'S *IMPOSSIBLE* — UNLESS SOMEBODY ELSE FOUND THE PLANE AND CLIMBED INSIDE!

THERE'S NOBODY IN HERE! NOBODY *ALIVE*, THAT IS! *HE* CERTAINLY COULDN'T HAVE FIRED THAT GUN!

I'LL TAKE HIS DOG TAGS! HEADQUARTERS MAY WANT THEM, JUST FOR THE RECORDS!

CHASE, G.R.! MY FATHER! COULD HE HAVE -- *NO,* IT JUST COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!

HIS HEAD REELING, GARRY DROPS THE DOG TAGS AS IF THEY WERE RED HOT AND LEAPS FROM THE TURRET...

I MUST BE CRACKING UP!

ONLY MINUTES LATER, AN AIR FORCE RESCUE HELICOPTER TAKES HIM ABOARD...

GOOD THING WE GOT TO YOU BEFORE THE VIET CONG, CHASE! HEY, YOU CAN QUIT SHAKING! YOU'RE SAFE NOW!

I'M OKAY, CAPTAIN! JUST A LITTLE UNNERVED FROM BEING ALL ALONE IN THE JUNGLE DOWN THERE!

BUT WHO FIRED THE GUN? AND WHERE DID HE DISAPPEAR TO? I CAN'T HAVE IMAGINED THE WHOLE THING, CAN I?

THE WISDOM OF THE BEAST

AT DAWN, IN THE YUGOSLAV CITY OF SKOPLJE, BIRDS AND BEASTS SHOWED A STRANGE RESTLESSNESS AS THEY STRUGGLED TO ESCAPE.

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IN A NEARBY POLICE STATION, DOGS, USED FOR TRACKING CRIMINALS, TRIED FRANTICALLY TO LEAP OUT OF THE WINDOWS.

IN THE LOCAL ZOO ANIMALS WENT BERSERK. THE PANIC-STRICKEN BEASTS RAGED AT THEIR BARS AS THE KEEPERS WATCHED, BAFFLED.

THEN AT 5 A.M. SKOPLJE WAS HIT BY A MASSIVE EARTHQUAKE. THE ENTIRE CITY WAS REDUCED TO RUBBLE. MORE THAN 1,000 DIED.

TO THIS DAY PEOPLE WONDER WHAT SIXTH SENSE, WHAT FORGOTTEN WISDOM WARNED THE BIRDS AND BEASTS OF SKOPLJE OF THE DISASTER.

ADVERTISEMENT

ADVERTISEMENT

ROCKY and BULLWINKLE

General Mills
Cheerios.
Goodness in toasted oat cereal
YOU AND CHEERIOS REALLY MAKE SWEET MUSIC TOGETHER, BULLWINKLE!
UH-HUH.
CHEERIOS N' MILK GIVE US PEOPLE MUSCLE-MAKIN' PROTEIN...
...AND LOTS OF GO-GO-GO!
DO YOU MEAN THAT EVERYONE SHOULD GO WITH THE GOODNESS OF CHEERIOS?
YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN'!
SPLOOSH!
BUT THEY SHOULD WATCH WHERE THEY'RE GOING!

Footprints in the Night

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In the year 1888, Robert Le Dru was the hero of all France. From Paris to Nice every Frenchman spoke with awe of this brilliant detective who was surely the most remarkable member of the Surete, the world famous French detective force.

Then one morning while vacationing near the French seaside resort of Ste. Adresse, Le Dru received a telegram from Surete headquarters. He was to go to Ste. Adresse at once and investigate a murder.

It seemed that on the night before a man named Monet had been found dead on the beach, a bullet hole in his head. The Surete was certain that its brilliant operative could solve the case. This skilled detective could describe the appearance of a man by merely looking at his footprint. He could name the brand of tobacco by smelling the ashes of a cigar.

Actually Le Dru's methods were methodical rather than brilliant. On a case he would examine every inch of the murder scene, picking up threads, pins, a torn button or any other object that might be a clue. His methods resulted in the most amazing series of solutions of homicide cases.

Fearing that his plodding methods might hurt his reputation, Le Dru wrote his reports in a way that made it seem he solved his crimes by a kind of miraculous intuition.

But with his slow techniques Le Dru worked long hours, averaging no more than a few hours of sleep each night. Soon his health failed. He would awake from nightmarish dreams in which he himself was committing murders.

Now in Ste. Adresse Le Dru faced his greatest and most difficult case. The murdered man had not been robbed. He had no enemies and no fortune which might tempt his heirs. His wife had a perfect alibi.

Le Dru started his investigation patiently. He examined the death scene, closely, searching the sand for clues. Long after nightfall a lantern disclosed what he was looking for.

The next morning Le Dru appeared at police headquarters, with a plaster caste of a footprint left by the murderer as he slipped up behind his victim, Monet.

"Regard this, Messieurs," said Le Dru. "The murderer wore no shoes. Observe the left foot. Notice that the first joint of the great toe is gone."

Then Le Dru removed his own left shoe, revealing the deformed great toe whose first joint had been lost in an accident years before. The footprint matched the sand casting exactly. Le Dru's nightmares had been realized. He had committed a murder.

Le Dru's trial was a sensation. Medical testimony indicated he was dangerous only at night, but was completely sane during the daytime.

He was given a life sentence. However, he was free from sunrise to sunset. But every night he was imprisoned until the following day. Le Dru lived until 1939, when he died in his prison cell.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

The PERFECT CRIMINAL

EVERY CRIMINAL DREAMS OF COMMITTING THE PERFECT CRIME! BUT TO THE OFFICERS OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK THIS DREAM WAS A NIGHTMARE!

A HALF MILLION IN CURRENCY MISSING! HOW DID THEY DO IT?

BUT THE VAULT WAS *SEALED!* THE WALLS AND DOOR ARE THREE FEET THICK! IT'S INCREDIBLE!

UNBELIEVABLE!

IMPOSSIBLE!

WHICH IS EXACTLY THE REACTION AT THE FASHION FUR COMPANY THE NEXT DAY...

A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN FURS MISSING!

BUT THESE CONCRETE VAULTS ARE BURIED TWO STORIES UNDERGROUND! HOW DID THEY DO IT? THERE'S NOT A CLUE!

AND THE DAY AFTERWARD AT THE MUSEUM...

OUR FINEST JEWELS STOLEN! AND THERE'S *NOT A MARK* ON THE DISPLAY CASE!

AND WITH *ARMED GUARDS* AT EVERY ENTRANCE! IT'S FANTASTIC! HOW DID THEY DO IT?

HOW INDEED? ONLY SMILING SID, A SMALL-TIME LOAN SHARK KNOWS THE ANSWER...

CHINCHILLA COATS! DIAMOND RINGS, BRACELETS! SID, DARLING, ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN AFFORD IT?

PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM, IRENE, BABY!

MY-MY! THE *LOAN SHARK* BUSINESS MUST BE LOOKING UP, LOVER!

BAH! I'M THROUGH WITH THAT PENNY-ANTE RACKET! LOOK AT *THIS*, BABY!

A DIVING SUIT? DIDN'T KNOW YOU WENT IN FOR DEEP-SEA DIVING!

YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG, KID! THIS GADGET IS AN *EARTH-DIVING* OUTFIT!

"I'VE GOT IT FROM A DR. DAKINS WHEN THE LITTLE CREEP WELSHED ON A LOAN..."

DAKINS, I'M NOT RUNNING A CHARITY FOUNDATION! WHERE'S MY DOUGH?

BUT I NEED A LITTLE MORE TIME... TO FINISH MY GREATEST INVENTION!

BAH! NONE OF YOUR INVENTIONS EVER WORKED!

BUT THIS IS MY GREATEST BRAIN CHILD... A DIVING SUIT THAT PERMITS THE WEARER TO SINK *INTO THE EARTH* LIKE A DIVER INTO THE SEA!

IT WORKS BY DISPLACING THE ATOMS OF ANY SOLID SUBSTANCE WITH ITS OWN ATOMS! BUT SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE POWER UNIT... IT ONLY SINKS A FEW INCHES, THEN STOPS!

MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT! ANOTHER FLOP! MAYBE I CAN SELL IT FOR JUNK AND GET BACK SOME OF MY DOUGH!

WAIT! NO! YOU *CAN'T* DO THAT!

"LATER, WHEN I STARTED TAKING THE CONTROLS APART..."

THESE ELECTRONIC PARTS MIGHT BE WORTH SOMETHING! HM! THIS WIRE IS LOOSE! WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I CONNECTED IT!

"I FASTENED THE WIRE AND PUT ON THE SUIT, THEN..."

GERONIMO! THAT DID IT! THE CONTROLS *WORK!* I'M SINKING INTO THE EARTH!

"I WAS DIVING DOWN THROUGH CONCRETE, STEEL, STONE...NOTHING COULD STOP ME..."

CRAZY, MAN! I'M DOWN TO THE SUBWAY TRACKS... AND STILL GOING STRONG!

"THEN I HAD MY BIG INSPIRATION..."

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

YEAH MAN! I CAN SEE WHERE THIS GADGET CAN BE A REAL *MONEY MAKER!* HA, HA!

"I WENT THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF THAT BANK VAULT LIKE A HOT KNIFE THROUGH BUTTER."

HATE TO LEAVE ALL THE REST OF THAT GREEN STUFF! BUT I CAN COME BACK ANY TIME I WANT TO... AND *NO ONE* WILL KNOW HOW I DID IT!

"THE MUSEUM JOB WAS JUST AS EASY..."

TERRIFIC! WITH THIS SUIT ON I CAN PUT MY HAND THROUGH THIS JEWEL DISPLAY CASE *WITHOUT BREAKING* THE GLASS!

"LATER, ON MY WAY HOME..."

I'LL KEEP MOST OF MY LOOT DOWN HERE, BURIED IN 1,000 FEET OF *SOLID ROCK* WHERE NO ONE ELSE CAN GET AT IT!

FROM NOW ON WE RIDE THE GRAVY TRAIN TOGETHER! BUT REMEMBER, KEEP YOUR LIP BUTTONED!

SID, BABY, IT'S YOUR SECRET... AND MINE!

BUT HOW COULD IRENE KEEP HIS SECRET QUIET? NATURALLY SHE BLABBED, AND...

SID! COME ON OUT, YOU SMALL TIME SHYLOCK! I'M HERE FOR THAT DIVING SUIT!

ULP!

GUNNER GORN, THE TOUGHEST HOOD IN TOWN!

DON'T TRY FOR A GETAWAY, PAL! I'VE GOT THE JOINT SURROUNDED!

I'M A DEAD DUCK! THERE'S ONLY *ONE CHANCE* FOR ME...THAT DIVING SUIT!

MOMENTS LATER AS THE INTRUDERS BREAK INTO THE BASEMENT...

HE'S USING THAT DIVING-SUIT FOR A GETAWAY! STOP HIM!

RATATAT!

STRAY BULLETS... HIT THE CONTROLS!

A *SHORT CIRCUIT!* THERE'S A POWER LEAK! I'M MOVING *SLOWER* EVERY SECOND!

AND SO IT ENDS WITH SMILING SID SEALED IN STONE A THOUSAND FEET BELOW THE SURFACE...A PERFECT PRISON FOR THE PERFECT CRIMINAL! HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A PERFECT CRIME—EXCEPT IN THE *TWILIGHT ZONE!*

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

WHEN THE BALL IS OVER

EVERYONE LIKES TO BE INVITED TO A PARTY! AND WHEN MARTHA AND KEN LANGTON RECEIVED A STRANGE INVITATION TO A FANTASTIC BALL, THEY WERE TOO EXCITED TO SAY--NO!

Costume Ball July 14 9 P.M. at Castle Chantilly

WE'RE TO WEAR COSTUMES TO MATCH THE SKETCHES THEY ENCLOSED! THERE'S A MAP TO THE CASTLE, BUT I *CAN'T* FIGURE OUT *WHO* IS GIVING THE PARTY!

SOUNDS LIKE A JOKE! FORGET IT!

TV PROGRAM

NO! IT JUST COULD BE *THE* PARTY OF THE YEAR! ONE OF OUR FRIENDS MUST BE GIVING IT! WE'LL FIND OUT *WHO* ONCE WE GET THERE!

YOU MEAN YOU REALLY WANT ME TO GET INTO THAT RIDICULOUS OUTFIT AND WIG?... WELL, WHO KNOWS? IT JUST MIGHT BE FUN!

A WEEK LATER, THE LANGTONS CAREFULLY PUT ON THEIR COSTUMES, CHECKING THEM AGAINST THE SKETCHES...

BOY! I SURE FEEL LIKE A NUT NOW!

KEN, IT'S BECOMING! AND YOU KNOW, I'VE ASKED AROUND--WE'RE THE *ONLY* ONES WITH AN INVITATION! THIS SOUNDS LIKE A REALLY *IN* PARTY!

FOLLOWING THE DIRECTIONS, KEN LANGTON HEADS FOR CASTLE CHANTILLY...

SAY! THEY WEREN'T KIDDING! THIS PLACE LOOKS FOR REAL!

OH, KEN, I'M GETTING EXCITED! I'LL BET WE'RE IN FOR THE PARTY OF A LIFETIME!

LOOK AT THOSE SERVANTS, MARTHA!

I AM! SOMEONE IS REALLY GOING ALL OUT TO GET THE FLAVOR OF THIS MARIE ANTOINETTE PERIOD!

GOOD EVENING, M'LORD! WHOM SHALL WE ANNOUNCE?

THIS IS US--OR AT LEAST SUPPOSED TO BE US!

AH! PRAY FORGIVE ME FOR NOT RECOGNIZING YOU!

ANNOUNCING THE DUKE AND DUCHESS DE VERNEY!

MUST COME FROM *YOUR* SIDE OF THE FAMILY, MARTHA! THERE'S NO BLUE BLOOD IN MINE!

DEATH TO THE IDLE DUKE!

DEATH TO THE SPEND-THRIFT WASTER!

ENOUGH! YOU HAVE INSULTED MILORD AND LADY ENOUGH! THEY SHALL BE AVENGED!

KEN, THAT DAGGER LOOKS *REAL!*

RELAX! IT'S ALL PART OF OUR HOST'S ACT, I'M SURE!

OOOOH!

THERE! THIS BEGGAR WILL BE CAREFUL ABOUT RAISING HIS VOICE AGAINST NOBILITY AGAIN!

THE WATER SHOULD HELP REVIVE THE INSULTING FOOL!

SPLASH!

PIERRE MAY DIE!

BUT *YOUR* DAY WILL COME--AND *SOON!*

A SLIGHT CHILL OF APPREHENSION FILLS THE LANGTONS, BUT THE WARM SIGHT OF THE SUMPTOUS BALL-ROOM QUICKLY DIS-PELLS ANY RISING FEARS...

JUST LOOK AT THIS! I'M GLAD WE CAME!

I HOPE THE ORCHESTRA DOESN'T STAY IN THIS PERIOD MUCH LONGER! I WANT A WATUSI OR A SWIM OR A FRUG!

IT'S A MINUET! IF THEY CAN DO IT, SO CAN WE!

KEEP LOOKING AROUND! WE'RE BOUND TO RECOG-NIZE SOMEONE UNDER THESE WIGS SOON!

I'VE A FEELING THE DOWLINGS ARE THE HOSTS! THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES WITH MONEY ENOUGH TO THROW A BALL LIKE *THIS!*

YOU'RE RIGHT! HERE'S FREDDY DOWLING!

HEY, FRED, COME OUT FROM UNDER THAT WIG!

I BEG YOUR PARDON!

ALL RIGHT! I'LL JUST TAKE OFF THIS--

KE-KEN! THAT *ISN'T* FRED!

DE VERNEY, YOUR RANK WILL NOT PROTECT YOU FROM MY WRATH! YOU ARE CHALLENGED TO A DUEL! *THERE!*

LO-LOOK, I'M VERY SORRY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE FREDDY DOWLING--

EVERYONE KNOWS WHO I AM--BARON L'UNDÉE! AND NOW, FOR THE DUKE--*A SWORD!*

BUT KEN CAN'T FENCE! THIS IS GOING TOO FAR!

MADAME LA DUCHESSE, YOUR HUSBAND IS THE ONE WHO WENT TOO FAR! NOW-- HONOR MUST BE SATISFIED!

BEFORE KEN LANGTON CAN PROTEST AGAIN, THE BARON'S SWORD FLASHES SKILLFULLY THROUGH THE AIR, HIS BLADE STRIKING THE SWORD IN THE STUNNED MAN'S HAND...

ON GUARD!

STOP! STOP BEFORE YOU KILL MY HUSBAND!

COME! DEFEND YOURSELF, DE VERNEY!

STOP! I BEG YOU TO STOP BEFORE YOU REALLY HURT MY HUSBAND!
VERY WELL! SINCE THIS IS THE DUCHESS' REQUEST--IT IS GRANTED!... IF THE DUKE WILL ASK MY FORGIVENESS!

OF COURSE, I DO! I'M SORRY THAT I YANKED OFF YOUR WIG! I THOUGHT YOU WERE FREDDY DOWLING!

KEN, THIS PARTY'S GETTING TO BE A BIT TOO WILD! BUT I'M NOT LEAVING, NOT TILL I LEARN WHO ASKED US HERE!
LOOK! LOOK OUTSIDE --TOWARD PARIS!

YOU ARE RIGHT! PARIS IS ON FIRE!
CUT IT OUT! DO YOU REALLY THINK WE CAN SEE PARIS FROM HERE? IT'S CLEAR ACROSS THE OCEAN!

HERE! SEE FOR YOURSELF! SURELY THE DUKE CAN RECOGNIZE THE *BASTILLE* THROUGH THE FLAMES!

WITH A SKEPTICAL SMILE, KEN LANGTON FOCUSES THE OLD TELESCOPE! THEN, HIS GAZE HOLDS ON A STARTLING SIGHT..

I-IT'S CRAZY, MARTHA! BUT IF I REMEMBER MY HISTORY BOOK, I *WAS* LOOKING AT THE BASTILLE BURNING!

AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE DATE IS TONIGHT-- JULY 14TH! *BASTILLE DAY!* THE DAY ON WHICH THE PEOPLE BURNED DOWN THAT HATED PRISON IN PARIS!

SUDDENLY, A ROAR OUTSIDE THE CASTLE TURNS ALL HEADS! IN TERROR, THE SERVANTS RACE TO CLOSE AN IRON GATE...

MILORDS AND LADIES--*FLEE!* A MOB IS COMING THIS WAY! *HURRY!*

THE BASTILLE BURNS! THAT IS THE SIGNAL! DEATH TO THE ARISTOCRATS!

BREAK THE GATE! *SEIZE THEM!*

MARTHA, THIS WAY! WHOEVER'S RUNNING THIS BALL IS CARRYING THINGS *TOO FAR!*

THERE! SEIZE THE DUKE DE VERNEY!

THEN, ALL ABOUT THE BALLROOM, BITTER FIGHTS BREAK OUT...

THOSE TWO WON'T BOTHER US FOR A WHILE! HEAD FOR THE BACK DOOR!

HOLD THEM! HOLD THE DUKE AND DUCHESS!

KE-KEN, TELL THEM TO LET ME GO!

RELAX, HONEY! I GET IT NOW! THE BALL IS OVER AND THE HOST WANTS US TO MOVE ON TO WHERE HE'S SERVING DINNER! BUT, YOU KNOW, FOR A MOMENT HE HAD ME SCARED!

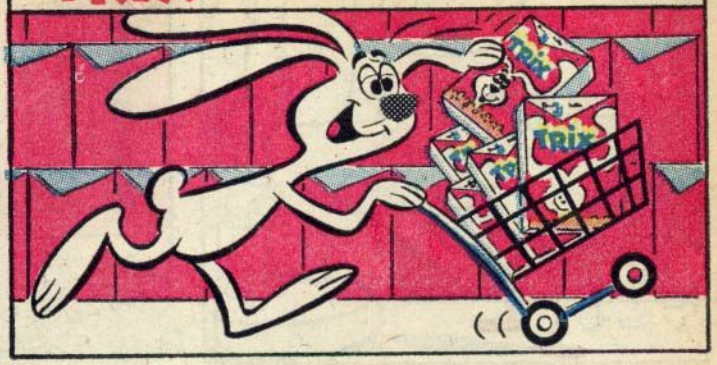
POOR MARTHA AND KEN LANGTON! THEY SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO ACCEPT AN INVITATION FROM AN UNKNOWN HOST-- ESPECIALLY WHEN THE RETURN ADDRESS MIGHT HAVE SHOWN IT CAME FROM A REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL-- IN THE *TWILIGHT ZONE!*

TAKE THEM ON! ON TO THE GUILLOTINE!

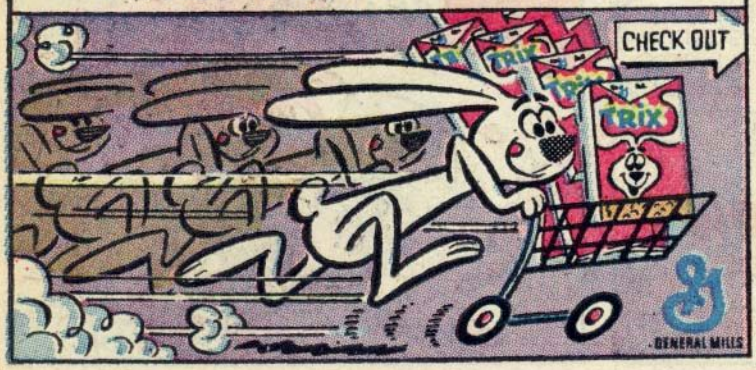
HOW'S TRIX?

WORTH SHOPPING AROUND FOR...

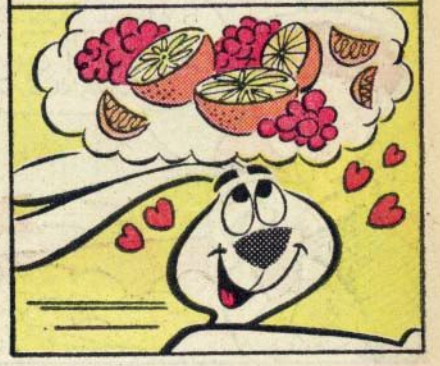
TRIX ...THE CORN CEREAL WITH...



THE TANGY TASTE OF NATURAL FRUIT!



FRUIT COLORS, TOO!



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VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

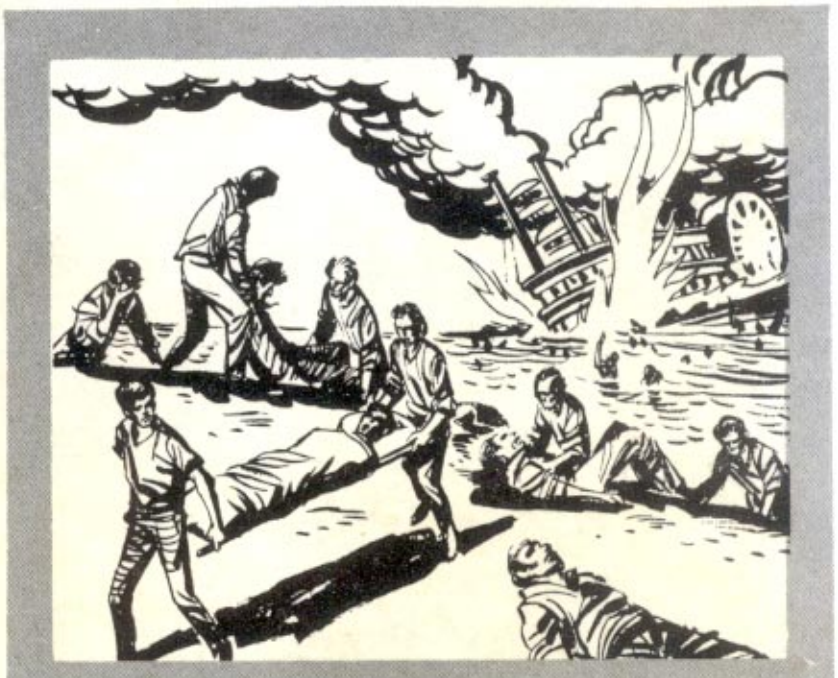
GOLD KEY COMICS

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

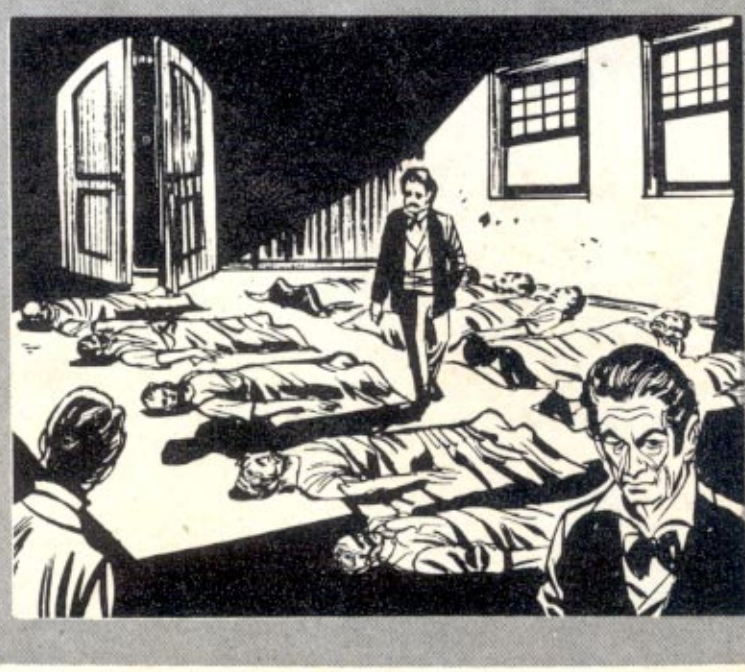
THE WARNING

Once, in a dream, Mark Twain saw his brother in a coffin. On the lid lay a bouquet with a red rose at its center.

Twain hastened to tell his brother, a river-boat man, about the frightening nightmare and warned him to be on guard.



Short days later his brother's boat, the *Pennsylvania* blew up with great loss of life. Many bodies were unidentified.



Mark Twain hurried to the morgue. For hours he searched among the rows of dead seeking for his brother's remains.

At last he found the body, in a casket decorated with a bouquet, exactly as had been foretold in the dream.

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